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**The Day=Dream.**









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*Collection of "Masterpieces"*

—  
✓  
ALFRED TENNYSON  
" —

# The Day-Dream

*With numerous original  
illustrations by*

W. ST. JOHN HARPER



NEW YORK  
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## Prologue.







# The Day=Dream.

## PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak :  
A pleasant hour has passed  
away  
While, dreaming on your damask  
cheek,  
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.  
As by the lattice you reclined,  
I went thro' many wayward  
moods  
To see you dreaming—and, be-  
hind,

A summer crisp with shining  
woods,  
And I too dream'd, until at last  
Across my fancy, brooding  
warm,  
The reflex of a legend past,  
And loosely settled into form.  
And would you have the thought  
I had,  
And see the vision that I saw,  
Then take the broidery-frame,  
and add  
A crimson to the quaint Maçaw,  
And I will tell it. Turn your  
face,  
Nor look with that too-earnest  
eye—



The rhymes are dazzled from  
their place,  
And order'd words asunder fly.



## The Sleeping Palace.









"THE VARYING YEAR  
WITH BLADE AND  
SHEAF CLOTHES AND  
RECLOSES THE HAP-  
PY PLAINS."

## THE SLEEPING PALACE.

### I.

THE varying year  
with blade and  
sheaf

Clothes and recloses the happy  
plains,

Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the  
veins.

Faint shadows, vapors lightly  
curl'd,

Faint murmurs from the mead-  
ows come,

Like hints and echoes of the  
world

To spirits folded in the womb.

II.

Soft lustre bathes the range of  
urns

On every slanting terrace-lawn.  
The fountain to his place re-  
turns



Deep in the garden lake with-  
drawn.

Here droops the banner on the  
tower,

On the hall-hearths the festal  
fires,

The peacock in his laurel bower,

The parrot in his gilded wires.

III.

Roof-haunting martins warm their  
eggs ;

In these, in those the life is  
stay'd.

The mantles from the golden  
pegs

Droop sleepily : no sound is  
made,  
Not even of a gnat that sings.  
More like a picture seemeth  
all  
Than those old portraits of old  
kings,  
That watch the sleepers from  
the wall.

IV.

Here sits the Butler with a flask  
Between his knees, half drain'd ;  
and there  
The wrinkled steward at his task,  
The maid-of-honor blooming  
fair ;

The page has caught her hand in  
his :

Her lips are sever'd as to  
speak :

His own are pouted to a kiss :

The blush is fix'd upon her  
cheek.

V.

Till all the hundred summers  
pass,

The beams, that thro' the Oriel  
shine,

Make prisms in every carven  
glass,

And beaker brimm'd with noble  
wine.

Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.



“AND BEAKER BRIMM'D  
WITH NOBLE WINE.

His state the King re-  
posing keeps.









His state the king reposing  
keeps.

He must have been a jovial  
king.

VI.

All round a hedge upshoots, and  
shows

At distance like a little wood ;  
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistle-  
toes,

And grapes with bunches red  
as blood ;

All creeping plants, a wall of  
green

Close-matted, bur and brake  
and briar,

And glimpsing over these, just  
seen,  
High up, the topmost palace  
spire.

VII.

When will the hundred summers  
die,  
And thought and time be born  
again,  
And newer knowledge, drawing  
nigh,  
Bring truth that sways the soul  
of men?  
Here all things in their place  
remain,  
As all were order'd, ages since.

Come, Care and Pleas-  
ure, Hope and Pain,  
And bring the fated  
fairy Prince.







Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope  
and Pain,  
And bring the fated fairy  
Prince.





## The Sleeping Beauty.







## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

### I.

YEAR after year unto her feet,  
    She lying on her couch alone,  
Across the purple coverlet,  
    The maiden's jet-black hair has  
        grown,  
On either side her tranced form  
    Forth streaming from a braid  
        of pearl :  
The slumbrous light is rich and  
    warm,  
And moves not on the rounded  
    curl.

II.

The silk star-broider'd cover-  
lid

Unto her limbs itself doth  
mould

Languidly ever ; and, amid

Her full black ringlets down-  
ward roll'd,

Glow's forth each softly-shadow'd  
arm

With bracelets of the diamond  
bright :

Her constant beauty doth in-  
form

Stillness with love, and day  
with light.

III.

She sleeps : her breathings are  
not heard

In palace chambers far apart.  
The fragrant tresses are not  
stirr'd

That lie upon her charmed  
heart.

She sleeps : on either hand up-  
swells

The gold-fringed pillow lightly  
prest :

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever  
dwells

A perfect form in perfect rest.





## The Arrival.







## THE ARRIVAL.

### I.

ALL precious things, discover'd  
late,

To those that seek them issue  
forth ;

For love in sequel works with  
fate,

And draws the veil from hid-  
den worth.

He travels far from other skies —

His mantle glitters on the  
rocks—

A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,

THE DAY-DREAM.

---



“ A FAIRY PRINCE, WITH JOYFUL EYES.”

And lighter-footed than the  
fox.

For love in sequel  
works with fate,  
And draws the veil  
from hidden worth.









II.

The bodies and the bones of  
those

That strove in other days to  
pass,

Are wither'd in the thorny close,  
Or scatter'd blanching on the  
grass.

He gazes on the silent dead :

‘ They perish'd in their daring  
deeds.’

This proverb flashes thro' his  
head,

‘ The many fail : the one suc-  
ceeds.’

III.

He comes, scarce knowing what  
he seeks :

He breaks the hedge : he enters  
there :

The color flies into his cheeks :

He trusts to light on something  
fair ;

For all his life the charm did talk  
About his path, and hover near  
With words of promise in his  
walk,

And whisper'd voices at his ear,

IV.

More close and close his footsteps  
wind :

THE DAY-DREAM.

The Magic Music in his heart  
Beats quick and quicker, till he  
find

The quiet chamber far apart.  
His spirit flutters like a lark,  
He stoops—to kiss her—on his  
knee.

‘ Love, if thy tresses be so dark,  
How dark those hidden eyes  
must be ! ’



## The Revival.









## THE REVIVAL.

### I.

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was  
snapt.

There rose a noise of striking  
clocks,

And feet that ran, and doors that  
clapt,

And barking dogs, and crow-  
ing cocks ;

A fuller light illumined all,

A breeze thro' all the garden  
swept,

A sudden hubbub shook the hall,

And sixty feet the fountain  
leapt.

II.

The hedge broke in, the banner  
blew,

The butler drank, the steward  
scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew,

The parrot scream'd, the pea-  
cock squall'd,

The maid and page renew'd  
their strife,

The palace bang'd, and buzz'd  
and clackt

And all the long-pent stream of  
life

And sixty feet the  
fountain leapt.  
The hedge broke in, the  
banner blew.













Dash'd downward in a cata-  
ract.

III.

And last with these the king  
awoke,

And in his chair himself up-  
rear'd,

And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face,  
and spoke,

‘By holy rood, a royal beard!  
How say you? we have slept,  
my lords.

My beard has grown into my  
lap.’

The barons swore, with many  
words,

'Twas but an after-dinner's  
nap.

IV.

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but  
still

My joints are somewhat stiff  
or so.

My lord, and shall we pass the  
bill

I mention'd half an hour ago? '  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words return'd  
reply :

But dallied with his golden chain,  
And, smiling, put the question  
by.

The palace bang'd and  
buzz'd and clackt.

/



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## The Departure.







## THE DEPARTURE.

### I.

AND on her lover's arm she  
    leant,

And round her waist she felt it  
    fold,

And far across the hills they  
    went

In that new world which is the  
    old :

Across the hills, and far away

Beyond their utmost purple  
    rim,

And deep into the dying day

The happy princess follow'd  
him.

II.

‘I’d sleep another hundred years,  
O love, for such another kiss ;’  
‘O wake for ever, love,’ she  
hears,  
‘O love, ’twas such as this and  
this.’  
And o’er them many a sliding  
star,  
And many a merry wind was  
borne,  
And, stream’d thro’ many a  
golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

III.

‘O eyes long laid in happy  
sleep!’

‘O happy sleep, that lightly  
fled!’



“AND O’ER THEM MANY A FLOWING RANGE  
OF VAPOR BUOY’D THE CRESCENT-BARK.”

‘O happy kiss, that woke thy  
sleep!’

‘O love, thy kiss would wake  
the dead!’

And o'er them many a flowing  
range  
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-  
bark,  
And, rapt thro' many a rosy  
change,  
The twilight died into the  
dark.

IV.

'A hundred summers! can it  
be?  
And whither goest thou, tell me  
where?'  
"O seek my father's court with  
me.



O seek my father's  
court with me.

.

.







For there are greater wonders  
there.'

And o'er the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple  
rim,

Beyond the night, across the day,  
'Thro' all the world she fol-  
lowed him.



Moral.









## MORAL.

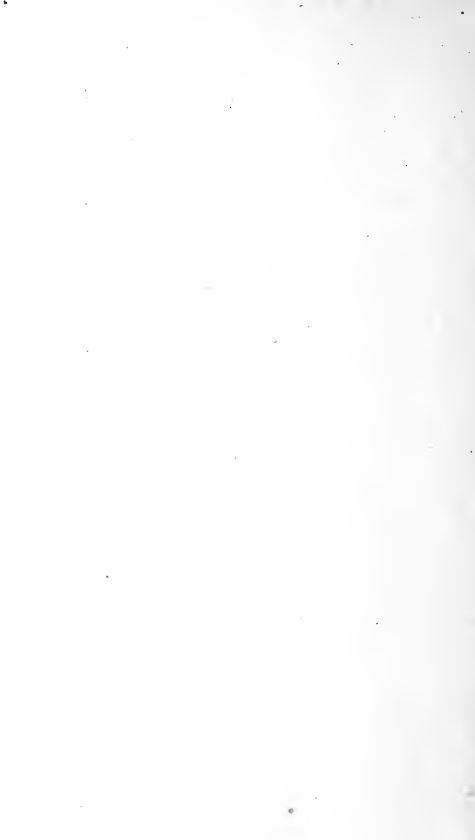
### I.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
And if you find no moral  
there,  
Go, look in any glass and say,  
What moral is in being fair.  
Oh, to what uses shall we  
put  
The wildweed-flower that simply  
blows?  
And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of the  
rose?

II.

But any man that walks the  
    mead,  
    In bud or blade, or bloom,  
    may find,  
According as his humors lead,  
    A meaning suited to his mind.  
And liberal applications lie  
    In Art like Nature, dearest  
    friend ;  
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I  
    Should hook it to some useful  
    end.

L'envoi.









## L'ENVOI.

### I.

YOU shake your head. A random string

Your finer female sense offends.

Well—were it not a pleasant thing

To fall asleep with all one's friends ;

To pass with all our social ties

To silence from the paths of men ;

And every hundred years to rise

And learn the world, and sleep  
again ;  
To sleep thro' terms of mighty  
wars,  
And wake on science grown to  
more,  
On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
As wild as aught of fairy lore ;  
And all that else the years will  
show,  
The Poet-forms of stronger  
hours,  
The vast Republics that may  
grow,  
The Federations and the  
Powers ;  
Titanic forces taking birth

In divers seasons, divers  
climes ;  
For we are Ancients of the  
earth,  
And in the morning of the  
times.

II.

So sleeping, so aroused from  
sleep  
Thro' sunny decads new and  
strange,  
Or gay quinquenniads would we  
reap  
The flower and quintessence  
of change.

III.

Ah, yet would I—and would I  
might !

So much your eyes my fancy  
take—

Be still the first to leap to light  
That I might kiss those eyes  
awake !

For, am I right, or am I wrong,  
To choose your own you did  
not care ;

You'd have *my* moral from the  
song,

And I will take my pleasure  
there :

And, am I right or am I wrong,

My fancy, ranging thro' and  
thro',  
To search a meaning for the  
song,  
Perforce will still revert to  
you ;  
Nor finds a closer truth than  
this  
All-graceful head, so richly  
curl'd,  
And evermore a costly kiss  
The prelude to some brighter  
world.

IV.

For since the time when Adam  
first

Embraced his Eve in happy  
hour,  
And every bird of Eden burst  
In carol, every bud to flower,  
What eyes, like thine, have  
waken'd hopes,  
What lips, like thine, so  
sweetly join'd ?  
Where on the double rosebud  
droops  
The fulness of the pensive  
mind ;  
Which all too dearly self-in-  
volved,  
Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to  
me ;  
A sleep by kisses undissolved,

That lets thee neither hear nor  
see :

But break it. In the name of  
wife,

And in the rights that name  
may give,

Are clasp'd the moral of thy  
life,

And that for which I care to  
live.





**Epilogue.**



## EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
And, if you find a meaning  
there,

O whisper to your glass, and say,  
‘What wonder, if he thinks me  
fair?’

What wonder I was all unwise,  
To shape the song for your  
delight

Like long-tail’d birds of Para-  
dise

That float thro’ Heaven, and  
cannot light?

Or old-world trains, upheld at  
court

By Cupid-boys of blooming  
hue—

But take it—earnest wed with  
sport,

And either sacred unto you.

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## FROST-BITTEN

WE were driv-  
ing home  
from the  
"Patri-  
archs'"—  
Molly Le-  
fèvre and  
I, you  
know;

The white  
flakes flut-

tered about our lamps;

Our wheels were hushed in the  
sleeping snow.

Her white arms nestled amid her  
furs;

Her hands half-held, with languid  
grace,





“‘I, HELENA, TAKE THEE—LOVE—CHEER-  
ISH—AND’—WELL, I CAN’T HELP  
IT,—‘OBEY.’”



The psalter, and Sue isn't here  
yet!

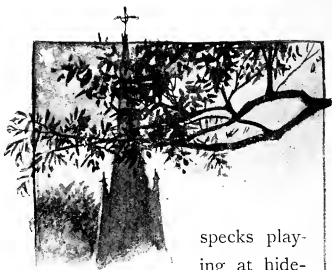
I don't care, I think it's a sin  
For people to get late to service,  
Just to make a great show coming in.

Perhaps she is sick, and can't get  
here—

She said she'd a headache last  
night.

Specimen Pages,  
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specks play-  
ing at hide-  
and-seek in

the sky all night, must surely  
be the children of the stars ;  
and they would all be grieved  
to see their playmates, the  
children of men, no more."

There was one clear,  
shining star that used to  
come out in the sky before  
the rest, near the church  
spire, above the graves.





Specimen Pages,  
“Thanatopsis.” Bry-  
ant.

*Collection of “Masterpieces.”*





THANATOPSIS.

---

Nor in the embrace of ocean,  
shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nour-  
ished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to  
earth again,



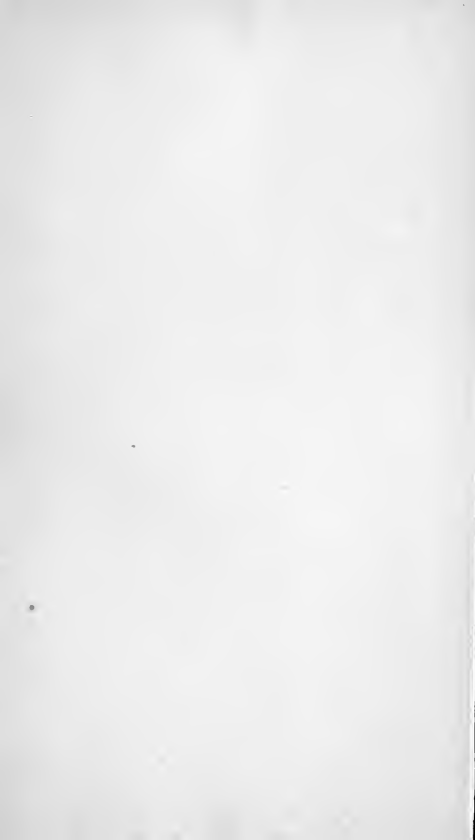
"THE SLUGGISH CLOD, WHICH THE RUDE  
SWAIN TURNS WITH HIS SHARE, AND  
TREADS UPON."



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